was fed upon scraps, and at night

had only a ragged blanket to protect

over again that awful night near

and I would not take my own life.

of an Indian girl. I loved it though.

could hardly hold the baby in my

Water well."-San Francisco Call.

#### Orleans County Monitor, PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

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This powdernever varies. A marvel of purity,

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Water will not do it, but scatters it and makes it

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No Wash Boiler!

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Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning, If she would but look over hills and trees; But here are the dishes and here is the churnlug, Those things always must yield to these. The world is filled with the wine of beauty, If she could but pause and drink it in: But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty-Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary Oh, for an hour to cool her aching head, Out with the birds and winds so cheery! But she must get her dinner and bake her bro The busy men in the hay-field working, If they saw her sitting with idle hand, Would think her lazy and call it shirking, And she could never make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her Hungers for beauty and things sublime; They only know that they want their dinner-Plenty of it, and just "on time." And after the sweeping, churning, and baking, And dinner dishes are all put by, She sits and sews, though her head is aching,

Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh. Her boys at school must look like others, She says as she patches their frocks and hose, For the world is quick to censure mothers For the least neglect of their children's clothes, Her husband comes from his field of labor, He gives no praise to his weary wife; She's done no more than has her neighbor; 'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle-When life is done, and she lies at rest; The nation's brain and heart and muscle-Her sons and daughters-shall call her blest. And I think the sweetest joy of heaven, The rarest bliss of eternal life, And the fairest crown of all will be given Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

Don't be in a Hurry.

Don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no: Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow. In a hasty moment you may give consent, And through years of torment leisurely repent. If a lover seeks you to become his wife, Happiness or misery may be yours for life; Don't be in a hurry your feelings to confess. But think the matter over before you answer yes. Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offense,

Honest tears betraying earnest penitence, Pity and console him, and his fears allay, And don't be in a hurry to drive the child away. Hurry brings us worry; worry wears us out. Easy-going people know what they are about. Heedless haste will bring us surely to the ditch, And trouble overwhelms us if we hurry to be rich,

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away; By the side of wisdom for a while delay. Make your life worth living; nobly act your part; And don't be in a hurry to spoil it at the start. Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word; Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard. Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go; And don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no. -Anonymous.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. Thou mayst as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. The woman-question: "Now, isn't this

The seasick man who casts his bread

upon the waters, will not find it after For close application to business, noth-

Hayward Hand Grenade plaster. "Can February March?" asks the punster with a sickly smile. Perhaps not, but April May.

ing on this footstool exceeds a mustard

The Smith college girls have organized a society for the protection of birds. executed for putting out fires in its incipient stages to person owning buildings should be without them a single day. There is no one thing that The larks of the young gentlemen will receive their first attention.

"If a man could only catch fish as easily as he can lie about it," laments a :- HAND GRENADE -:-Texas editor. He could if he understood fishing as well as lying.

Little Bess (who is so used to seeing baby creep that she thinks it his natural mode of traveling): "O mamma, come quick! Baby is standing on his hind legs. During the recent freeze in Florida the washings froze stiff on the lines in some places. Negroes declared that "de good Lord starched all de clothes for us in de

Five millions needles recently sunk with an ocean steamer to the bottom of the sea. We hope the mermaids will take the hint and make themselves some : Finished Marble Work :

Which he is selling at prices to correspond with "My boy," said the good deacon reprovingly, "do you know where little boys go who go fishing Sunday?" "Well, most on 'em goes to de lake. Dat's de

> Busy editor (to troublesome applicant who persists in calling): "To-day is Thursday, and I'm very busy. Suppose you call next Thursday and then I'll tell you when to call again." "Father," said Rollo, "what is meant

by the intoxication of wealth?" "Means that money is tight," replied Rollo's father, who had been shinning around all the afternoon with a piece of paper looking for an autograph.

A Hancock farmer once asked David Dickson what "time in the moon" he planted his corn, and elicited the following answer; "I don't plant corn in the moon. When I get ready to plant I plant it in the ground."

A clergyman having forgotten his notes one Sunday, apologized to his congregation by saying that he would have to depend upon the Lord that morning for what he might say, but in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

A bright little boy who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought to wait till the other boy "pitched into him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight.' Tramp-Will you please give me ten

cents, sir? I'm on my way home to die. Gentleman (handing him the money)-I don't mind giving you ten cents for so dead, dead, dead; yes, and bleeding worthy a purpose as that, but your breath smells terribly of whiskey. Tramp -I know it does, sir, whiskey is what's

There was irony as well as wit in what Sydney Smith said. On taking the par ish at Foster he writes, "When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of 150 years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS. The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly they kept me bound hand and foot, s Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Bilousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money on the horrible sight presented by refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by H. C.

#### Captured by Apaches.

There arrived on the southern overland train recently a short, fair- I was a slave, and was made to car- of. To-day she is in secret. Therehaired woman, of perhaps 35 years. ry water and wood, and do all sorts fore, let her weep, for tears are balm Her features were wrinkled and careworn, though, and gave evidence that their owner had seen more than her share of suffering and anguish. and she had come direct from New past eight years of her life she has for it; my degredation became com- gled together? Ah, those reminiscenclived through what few members of plete. As the chief's squaw my lot | es, those retrospections, those silent, her sex have been called upon to undergo. Each one of those wrinkles which now mar what was once a handsome face were gathered while she was a suffering captive in the hands of the cruel Apache Indians. To a reporter who visited her in her sister's cozy little cottage in the mission, Mrs. Layton related the story of her life, the terrible trials and pain borne through eight miserable years, and the details of her final escape from her brutish captors.

"In 1872," said Mrs. Layton in a subdued tone of voice, which occasionally quivered as if recalling the past awoke emotions which she could hardly restrain, "John, that was my husband, and I moved from Leavenworth. Kansas, to Santa Fe. John worked there for a long time, and we were very happy. He then got an idea in his head that he could do better if he struck out for himself and went into stock-raising. He had some money, and I thought with him that it would be a good move. So we packed up all our things in a big prairie schooner, and in this, with two children, I rode with John and a scout, who kindly volunteered to see us fixed in some place, drove the cattle. Our march was a long and weary one, and I cannot remember how we went, but I know that at last we stopped at a place the guide said was called White Water. All around was short stubble grass, and where we were camped some one had dug a well. The guide said we would have to stop here for at least two weeks, as he did not care to push on until he had heard from fort whether the Indians were off their reservation or not. I did not like the place at all. It was so dreary, and when the guide left us to gain the information he wanted I was very nervous indeed. a pretty time of night for you to get John, however, said the guide had assured him that we were in the safest place in the Territory at White

Three days passed away, and we had heard nothing from the absent guide. On the evening of this day, John, who had taken a long tramp, came home looking quite flurried, and after repeated questions he at last told me he was afraid Indians were near, as he had observed a stray mustang roaming over the plain grazing on the bunch grass. I advised him to harness up the horses at once and drive on, but he said that would be a sure way to run into them. Oh, how well I recollect John saying that to me. I folded the children up in their blankets that night, and over their slumbering forms I prayed that we might not fall victims to the blood-thirsty Indians. I could not sleep and tay tossing about, starting up at every moan of the night wind that swept over the prairie. John, too, was wakeful. It must have been about midnight when our dogs began to bark, and we could hear the cattle moving. I was paralyzed with terror, but John sprang up and looked out. In another moment he gave a

gasping cry, and said to me: 'Elien, the Indians are upon us.' Oh, God! how can I relate what followed. There were demoniac shrieks that seemed to rend the a mosphere. John fired his pistols and there were return shots, and in the blaze of fire I fell over my children

The recollection was too vivid, and Mrs. Layton leaned her head upon the table by which she was sitting and wept piteously. After a few moments she composed herself and resumed, in broken tones; "When I came to I was in the arms of a horrible brute of an Indian, and around me were a score more. Our wagon was a blazing mass, which lit up the scene with its light. The Indians were hastily gathering our cattle together, and I knew they were going to leave. I cried out aloud for John and the children, but the beast that held me only jeered at me and shook me. Then I struggled to get away from him. In doing so I turned around and beheld-oh, God, it is horrible-my dear husband and children. They were lying on the ground and scalped. From the belt of the wretch that held me dangled the white silky hair of my little girl and the brown locks of my little boy. That is all I can recollect. I became a maniac, I believe, and dashed my fist again and again in the face of my captors until I sank unconscious from exhaustion.

My life after that was but the one that all female captives of Apaches lead. For days and days and cruel squaws and children beat me with sticks.

The past became a blurred blot in

who have long since passed away. She reads them upon the marble slabs just over the picket fence. We read them, too, as we idly pass; but it is only to read, and forget. They are not our dead; therefore, why should we weep. How different with the little old woman peering through the picket fence! Way down in her troubled heart are memories connected with those graves-memories as green as the grass that grows above them. We know not what those memories are-we care not; but to her they are as sacred as the altar at which she often kneels. We smile, perhaps, as we idly pass. marks that smile, and wonders how others can be so gay, when she is sad. Sometime we shall weep over the graves of our dead. Then, and not till then, can we fully appreciate the sorrow of that poor heart, as it aches over the dead forms lying beneath the sod-inst over the picket

old woman weep? Are not the hearts | til he seemed to be only 100 yards of the old unmoved by sorrow? No; away from the muzzle. I've seen years have only sealed the lips, and them pick a man off who was a mile taught the heart the power of self- away. They could hit so far you control. That heart is as tender as | couldn't hear the report of the gun. when it beat in the breast of the You wouldn't have any idea anybody child, and that child stood at its was in sight of you, and all of a sudmy memory. I no longer dwelt upmother's knee. It is only to the out- den, with everything as silent as the memory when I thought of my hus- | er world the lips are sealed. That | grave and not a sound of a gun, here | ble kingdom .- Daily Argus.

band and children. They at last re- the heart is calm, serene, unruffled. would come skipping along one of leased me, and I was allowed to wan- The heart in secret often gives vent | those 'forced' balls and cut a hole der about the camp in the mountains. to sorrows that the world knows not clear through you.

of menial and disgusting work. I to a troubled soul. Why does she weep? was not so hard, as I was no longer passive pictures of the past! How sit and weep as I thought and lived not.

White Water well. The chief, seeing all alone. Can you realize the depth my red eyes, always beat me and of that one word, alone? Just think Baltimore Herald. used hard language. All I prayed of it. Alone in the world, with evfor was death, but it did not come, ery one she ever loved, or that ever loved her, now dead and under the My final escape happened in this sod. Over all their graves she has way: The Indians moved from their wept; but where are they who will mountain camp very suddenly and weep o'er her's? She realizes this as started through the hills, which she turns away from the picket fence. there are called Organs on account Soon, and quickly, too, as that totof their looking like organ pipes, tering frame denotes, she will join across what is called the 'bad lands.' the silent few. Another grave will moved. We are fully convinced of From all that I understood they knew | mark the place of her repose. Anthat some troops were after them. other stone will mark the grave, and Upon hearing of this a strange long- name the sleeper. The growing old Ptolemic system is still in force ing for liberty came over me, and I grasses will heal the broken mound, determined to escape or perish with and the picket fence will be left based on those theories pass unnotic-

my child, for I now was the mother Then what? Over the tombstones. faded and grim, the willows and Taking my baby in my arms, I one night secured one of the camp muspoplars will wave. The wild bird tangs and escaped without being ob- will twitter in the branches overhead; served, for the Indians were holding and the crickets will chirrup in the grass beneath. The drone of the an orgie over some liquor which they had stolen from a station house on bee will be heard among the flowers, stage road. My wanderings and the leaves of the trees will rustle lasted two days, and both baby and in the winds of afternoon. All na-I were well nigh dead from expos- ture will be joyous and gay; but ure. I at last found the stage-road the little old woman will know it not. and went along it. I was so weak I

#### KILLED BY A FORCED BALL.

arms and keep my place on the "The narrowest escape I ever had," horse. How overjoyed I was you can imagine when I heard a wagon said a well-known lieutenant of porolling along the road behind us. It lice the other night, "was in front

was the stage, I was taken in, and, of Petersburg. oh, how kindly cared for. The good people in it could not do enough for vision of Longstreet's corps," he me and baby. The passengers made | continued, "and another fellow and up some money and gave it to me. I were in a trench together. We At Santa Fe I was also kindly cared were at the front of the line. The for, and from there I came to San other fellow went by his first name, Francisco to live with my sister. She Dick. The trench was about six feet is all I have to live for now. Baby deep and there was a groove cut in the golden number, the epact, the died at Santa Fe. It never survived the top of the front, through which the exposure on the plain. I do not we did our shooting at the Yankees. expect to live long myself. I have a When we wanted to pop away we'd is sometimes celebrated a week earlisevere cough, which has settled on lay the gun-barrel along that groove, er or later than it would be if gov my lungs, and the horrors which I get quick sight on the enemy, pull erned by the actual revolutions of have just passed through have made the trigger and then jump down. Dick the moon. The date varies all the me a nervous wreck. I cannot sleep was a pig-headed sort of a chap. I way from the 22d of March to the at night. I see before me the bleach- had told him a dozen times he didn't | 25th of April. This year it is the ing bones of my husband and chil- have sense enough to hold his head latest possible limit. dren lying beside the dreary White on his shoulders.

shooters in front of us, and I caution-THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN. himself. I tell you it was dangerous Over the tombstones, faded and grim, the willows and poplars wave. for even so much as a man's ear to get in sight of those fellows. I heard The wild birds twitter in the branches overhead, and the crickets chirrup in the bullets whistling lively over our the grass beneath. The drone of trench, and I knew by the sound that the bee is heard among the flowers, they were 'forced balls.' A 'forced and the leaves of the trees rustle in ball,' you know, is a bullet from a breech-loader. It is a little bigger See! A little old woman, wrinkled | than the diameter of the gun-barrel, and grey. She has toiled along the and consequently it goes out with day cemeterial path, and now stands greater force than the ball from s gazing at a few lone graves just over muzzle-loader. The way we could the picket fence. She has stood distinguish between the two kinds of

here before, this little old woman, guns was that, if it was a breechas the beaten path, and the trodden loader, the bullet got to you before grass denote. The dead in there be- the report, but if it was a muzzlelong to her; and here it is, silent loader the report got to you before and alone, she often wanders to the ball. Most all of the Yanks mourn and weep. Would she enter used the breech-loaders, and you can the family plot? She would, no doubt, | just bet your boots we were mighty but the gate is bolted and barred. careful how we got in their way. As I was saying, the bullets were The rusty hinges turn hard, and she is frail and weak. So she grasps the whistling pretty lively over our

slats with her trembling hands, and trench. I was loaded and was about to put my gun in the groove and try is satisfied to look in upon the graves to pick off a blue coat. Dick was Hush! There are names that fall standing front of the groove putting from her tips. Names of loved ones in a charge. He had his eye at the breech of his gun examining it, and the side of his head was turned toward the groove. While he was standing there-it was not more than half a minute altogether-one of the 'forced' balls came singing through the groove and bored a hole clear through his head as big as a walnut. He fell dead. I stepped across to him, and in doing so passed in front of the groove. Just as I got on the other side of the trench another bullet passed through the groove and buried itself in the rear wall of the trench. Two other balls followed it and buried themselves in the identical hole made by the first bullet. The sharpshooter who did that neat job was a half mile away. 'Pret'y good shooting,' suggested one of the listeners. 'I should say so,' said the lieuten-

sharpshooters were marvelous. They had little telescopes on their rifles She weeps. What! Can an old, that would fetch a man up close un-

ant, with an expressive shrug of the

shoulders. Some of those Yankee

How we used to lay for these sharpshooters, though," he said. chuckling at the remembrance. "We would keep a look-out for every little Why do you ask? Are not the puff of smoke. The sharpshooters, me from the cold. How I lived dead in there-her dead? Are not you know, mostly climbed trees and The woman was Mrs. Rosina Layton, through it I know not. One day the their once uttered thoughts, her hid themselves in the branches. So, chief pulled me into his wigwam, and thoughts? Can she not remember every time they'd shoot there'd be a Mexico to this city, where she had a gave me to understand that I was to each form, each feature, each look tell-tale puff of smoke come out of married sister living. During the be his squaw. There was no help and action as well as when they min- the tree. Just as soon as we'd see one of those little puffs of smoke the entire battery would rain shot and shell into that tree, and we'd make a slave for the tribe. Then, too, not | they stand out before our eyes, and | it so hot for the sharpshooter that he being compelled to labor and wander | follow us. even in our dreams! Yes, | would either tumble or crawl out. about half-starved and bruised and even in our dreams we behold fields dead or alive. The best shooters sore, as before, my mind became of blue sky, and many clouds, min- were in the Union army. Most of clearer and I thought once again of gled with sunshine. Poor old wo- them came from the west, and many my children and husband. While man! Relief is found in tears; there- of them had been scouts in the Inmy Indian husband was away I would fore, let her weep, and disturb her dian country. They rarely missed a man at the distance of a mile. In Alone? Yes, she is alone, All, deed they could hit any object as big as a pie-plate that far away .-

#### HOW LENT ISTIMED.

Why does Lent happen this year later than it has happened since 1734 or will happen again until 1943? Ptolemy was a great astronomer in his day and generation, but he believed the world stood still. Copernicus and Galileo asserted that it the truth of their theory, and most people would stare if told that the in this country, and that calculations ed before our eyes every year. Yet such is the fact. The church never knew the date of Christ's resurrection further than is stated in the Bible that it happened on Sunday, but there is a legend that it occurred about the time of the vernal equinox, and soon after a full moon. In the fourth century the Council of Nice established the regulation that "the feast of Easter should be celebrated every year on the Sunday following the day of the first full moon after the 20th of March." The moon was supposed at that time to move around the earth in a circular instead of an elliptical orbit, and was not known to be carried with the earth around the sun. These disturbing influences My regiment was in Pickett's di- have made so much difference that the date of Easter must now be cal culated by a purely fictitious and conventional moon, which has no existence in the sky; it is called the Paschal moon, and the calculations concerning it are made by means of dominical letter, and various cum-

The other movable feasts are al There war a lot of Yankee sharp- affected in the same way, as they depend upon the date of Easter. ed Dick to look out how he exposed | For instance, the Ascension, forty days after Easter; and Whitsuntide. fifty days after Easter; also the Lenten Fast, which begins forty days before Easter. There is an old superstition that the sun dances on Easter morning. One would think Old Sol might sometimes fail to remember the imaginary satellites and chance to dance on the wrong Sun-

> a first rate chance of getting first rate husbands. There are not enough rich marriageable young men even if the rich get them all; and they do not. Old Walter Newberry on his death settled on his three daughters -wholesome, good-looking and sensible girls all of them-\$500,000 apiece, which should go to them and their husbands absolutely whenever they married, providing the husbands would take the name of Newberry. All of them died spinsters. There was not in all Chicago a self-re specting man, worthy of the girls, who would sell themselves out for \$500,000. A man who is considerate does not often ask a girl to become his wife when the station of the girl is financially better than his. That is why it is that rich girls very often get very mediocre husbands. Rich girls are not fought over by the desirable men. The scrambling is all done by the ne'er-do-wells .- Chicago

CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY. Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Conumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free trial bottles of this Standard Remedy at II. C. Pierce's Drug Store.

COMMON METRE.—He (meeting her at the church door to escort her home)-That was a beautiful hymn the service closed with.

He-Are you fond of hymns? She-Well, there's one I may say

She-Yes.

'm particularly fond of. He-Indeed! What kind of metre

is it in? She-It is a come an' meet-er him. -Then they linked arms and strolled

away with their heads close together. BE CAREFUL! No matter what disease you may have. Be sure that the medicine you take is rsliable. Such a med

icine you will always find Sulphur Bitters. They are not a cheap rum drink, but are made of the choicest roots and herbs to be found in rhe vegeta-

#### BUY A FEW.

A Good Thing to Treat Friends With. "Loaded" cigars, as instruments of mirth-provoking torture, are liable to come into more general use among practical jokers on account of a new method of manufacture which lessens the danger of explosions. A small cartridge of powder inserted in the middle of a cigar was able to furnish a large amount of hilarity, but it was liable to damage the eyesight of the unsuspecting smoker who had been selected as a victim by the jokers. Serious accidents, followed by suits for damages, made the old style "loaded" eigar unpopular. When a man who had been known to indulge in fun at the expense of his friend offered a cigar of the finest brand to an acquaintance, he was obliged to answer such questions as "Will it go off?" or "Which way shall I point it?" A man with a reputation as a joker could keep a box of cigars open in his office with safety. His friends would be sure to think that articles left exposed in such a tempting way were dangerous to fool with.

Recently some manufacturer has adopted a method of "loading" cigars of a certain brand with a chemical cartridge which takes fire soon after the weed is lighted. There is no sudden explosion which shatters the wrappers and sends fragments of burning tobacco in all directions, but from the end of the cigar a stream of fire shoots out to a distance of about three feet in a direct line. It makes a man look for a few seconds as if he was a gas tank and held a piece of broken gas-pipe in his meuth. The man is in no danger so long as he keeps still and lets the cigar sputter away. To hold the weed firmly in the teeth at such a moment is a better test of a man's nerve than to hang on to the end of a burning Roman candle. The chief danger to be feared is that some man may drop a cigar and start a conflagration if he attempts to smoke indoors.

In one department of the city government the clerks have found much amusement lately in dealing out cigars of the new brand and waiting for the displays of pyrotechnics. They suddenly abandoned that form of diverson a few accident. One of the clerks had presented a cigar to an official, but it had been consigned to the official's pocket until more convenient time for smoking. That time came when the official got on the front platform of a street-car and borrowed a "light" from a stout German. Two heads were close together, and the official was sucking the fire from the end of the German's halfburned weed, when there was a fizz like that which attends the flight of a skyrocket. A stream of fire played directly into the German's face, scorching his cheeks and obliterating one large, red side whisker in an instant. The German jumped off the car with a howl of an-He was followed by the astonished official, who began to make an

apology. "You make one big joke," screamed the German, "but I haf you arrested." The official was obliged to show his shield and give the name of the clerk who had furnished the obnoxious cigar before the German would believe his explanation. A day or two later the clerk received a letter from the German's lawver stating that a suit for damages had been authorized. Fearing that his position in the department would be forfeited if the facts came to the notice of a commissioner, the clerk made haste to settle. The sum of money which was needed as a salve to the German's feelings made a big hole in the clerk's monthly pay. Warned by his experience, the other clerks have since been experimenting with cigars "loaded" only with teeth extracted from rubber combs The fumes of burning rubber mixed with tobacco smoke have turned the stomachs of several case-hardened smokers. -N. Y. Tribune.

## The Universality of Inventions.

We do not often stop to think how little man has or enjoys that is not the fruit of invention. Things which man has long had we cease to think of as inventions, and we are apt to apply that term only to modern things-to things the origin of which we know. Yet it will be hard for any of us to name anything which we use or enjoy which is not an invention, or the subject of an invention, in its adaptation to our use. The air we breathe and the water we drink are provided by Nature. But we drink but very little water except from a cup or vessel of some kind, which is a human invention. Even if we drink from the shell of a gourd, we are using a thing which, in the shape we use it, is a human contrivance, and the contrivances which man has devised for obtaining water and distributing it have been among the most wonderful and ingenious of any which have occupied the human mind. Bountifully as Nature has provided water and placed it within the RICH GIRLS' DISADVANTAGE.—Rich reach of man, vet we do in fact get or girls do not really stand in Chicago use but little of it except by the aid of

The air surrounds us at all times and we cannot help using it if we would: but, if we want it either hotter or colder than we find it, we must resort to some invention to gratify our want. If we want it to blow upon us when it is still, we must set it in motion by some contrivance, and fans among other things have been invented for that purpose. A large amount of human ingenuity has been expended upon devices for moving air when we want it moved, upon fans, blowers, and ventilators.

How small a part of our food do we take as animals do, in the form provided by Nature, and how very large a share in some form contrived by man! We drink infusions of tea or coffee without thinking that the compounds are human inventions. How large a place the milk of the cow has in the food of man, but how little of it could we have but for a multitude of contrivances! We think of butter as we do of milk, that it is a production of Nature; and so it is, but its separation from milk is an invention which has been followed by a host of inventions to effect the separation easier

Sugar is a production of Nature, but little known a few hundred years ago. Separated form the plants in which it is formed, it is an invention of man. The savage who first crushed some kernels of wheat between two stones, and separated the mealy interior from the outer skin, invented flour, and the human mind has not vet ceased to be exercised on the subject of improvement. - Chauncey Smith, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

During the middle ages such a thing as a bed-room on the second floor was unknown. All the rooms of the house, such as the hall, the chapel, the sleeping rooms against the walls, the offices, were on the ground floor. After a time a bed-room was built above the hall, called the solar, a chamber which admitted the sun freely, and had occasionally a gallery or terrace on which to take the air. It was approached by outside steps, and the terrace was probably a long landing place or open-air

It is at Los Angeles, Cal., that a woman gives up all her time to forty cats.

passage.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoris

# for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes discovered to me."

If A ARCHUR M.D.